

CANADIAN POETS IN MINIATURE.



Bliss Carmen.

If forced to pass in silence by
Some scores who roll a phrenzied eye
 Athwart-along this great Dominion,
Impute it not to studied slight,
Ye heirs of super-solar light,
 Nor pipe me down with harsh opinion.

Hail *Carmen*, in thy robe of mist,
Adorned with streaks of amethyst,
 Whose cut the cold logician crazes ;
Hail *Lampman* ! prone to pensive mood,
In love with Nature's virginhood,
 Among the Millet and the daisies.



Arch. Lampman.

True singers both, if for the sake
Of beauty's charm we freely make
 Concessions granted Keats and Shelley ;
Your dainty verses serve, at least,
To round a sentimental feast,
 Divinely flavored cream and jelly.



Geo. Martin.

A little more of human life,
Its love and hate and ceaseless strife,
 The tragic drama of the ages,
Might win for each that better part,
The homage of the human heart,
 And bind us to your honied pages.



Chas. G. D. Roberts.

If aught in *Martin's* muse offends,
With *Marguerite* he makes amends,
 And so we give him absolution ;
Smile, Hebe, smile while holding up
For him an overflowing cup
 And seat him on a silken cushion.

In *Roberts* one is sure to find
A vintage that exalts the mind
 Strong aqua vitæ, Madame Grundy ;
Blow fresh, ye winds, and chant and hum
A tribute to his genius from
 Vancouver to the Bay of Fundy.



John Reade.

Orion, god of stormy skies,
Behold him with thy sleepless eyes
And shield him from the world's rude bluster ;
For has he not thy story told
In words that flow like molten gold,
Reflecting thy eternal lustre.

In *Reade* the polished scholar, see
How sense and harmony agree ;
Too scanty now his classic numbers ;
Too modest to assert his place,
And jostle in the bardic race,
He prosed while his musa slumbers.



J. Hunter Duvar.

Awake, O dreamer ! fancy not
Thy early melody forgot,
The grace and charm of Merlin's story ;
Again thy lucent wings expand
And shed upon our smiling land
A new and more exceeding glory.

Rev. A. G. Lockhart,
"Pastor Felix "

Lo, in the east a regal star
Illumes the heavens ; hail *Duvar* !
The Garden of the Gulf adorning ;
No petty satellite art thou
With borrowed light upon thy brow ;—
Shine on, and cheer our Nation's morning.

Who wakes the harp of varied tone
Which youth and age delight to own ?
Our learned and loved convivial *Murray* ;
All things upon the earth below,
And in the heavens, he seems to know,
And laughs, when querists think to flurry.



Chas. Mair.

Hail, *Pastor Felix* ! king of hearts,
Who does not know his "taking arts" ?
Who fails to read his tender lyrics ?
Like voices of the wind and stream
They speak to us as in a dream,
And shame our metrical empyrics.



Chas. Sangster.

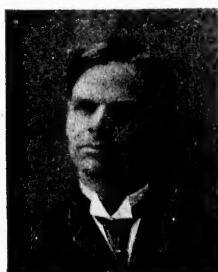
For *Mair's* broad brow a wreath of bay,
And roseleaves scattered on his way,
We grant with some slight hesitation ;
For does he not say what he thinks,
Instead of using shrugs and winks,
When Yankees rouse his indignation ?



Rev. F. G. Scott.

McLachlin, Sangster, wear your crowns
Unmoved by curling lips and frowns
Of those who deem you out of fashion ;
Brave pioneers ! you led the way
Where youngsters blow their horns to-day
With less of sterling sense than passion.

In *Scott* the strength of *Thor* is seen ;
A norland tempest, swift and keen,
We witness in his daring pinion ;
Anon, the softest zephyrs sigh
Caresses blooms that fade and die
Within his fairyland dominion.



W. W. Campbell.

This much is due, but for the rest
Some sad reversal ;—through his *Quest*
A wave of intellectual treason
Rolls dark and dismal, sweeping o'er
Pure gems that pave an ocean floor,
A ghostly ice flood, out of season.



Arthur Weir.

Next *Campbell*, golden-shod, appears,
Bearing his sheaf of ripened ears ;
Dear, dearest to thy heart, fond *Mother* ;
For he has touched the deepest deep
Where thy bruised love is sure to weep,
And hallowed it as has no other.

A sprig of laurel pass to *Weir*,
His country's special sonetteer,
For if in spots a little rusty
He shows us, the persistent elf
He yet may rival Petrarch's self
In lines that never shall grow musty.



W. D. Lighthall.

To *Lighthall's* patriotic zeal
Is due a cloud-invading peal
Of praise from brother bards Canadian ;
For has he not to England shown
That we can pipe, and flute, and drone
As did god Pan in woods Arcadian.

What fair enchantress leads the choir
Of Nymphs who feed the sacred fire,
With spices on Apollo's altar ?
Seranus, chanting notes that tell
Of legendary lore and spell,
Like sound of timbrel, harp, and psalter.

Mrs. Frances J. Harrison,
"Seranus."

Tis pity that her Gallic rhymes,
Those jingling bells of olden times
Should mar, with wearisome intrusion,
The symphony of native strains,
That medicine our earthly pains,
And make "dull care" a blest illusion.



Mrs. S. A. Curzon.

Curzon! Fidelis! Pauline! three
Sweet muses linked with *Gowan Lea*,
Demand a generous libation:—
For each has brought her offering meet,
To lay at Poesy's white feet,
Rosebuds of purest exhalation.

With bared bowed head I pass by those
Who in their silent crypts repose,
And leave their honored names unspoken ;
With moistened eyes we ponder o'er
The sad vicissitudes they bore,
Till hope took flight and hearts were broken.

Miss A. M. Machar,
"Fidelis."

Adieu ! sweet wizards, each and all,
Who here in my enchanted hall
Have made for me an hour of pleasure ;
Your songs shall haunt my charmed ears
Till in the dusk the shape appears
That bids us foot an awkward measure.

Clio.